

# INTERLUDES

W. C. HOPE

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1913

CLARA BRADWAY CREVELING



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## INTERLUDES



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BY

CLARA BRADWAY CREVELING  
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PHILADELPHIA

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.

1913

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DEDICATED  
WITH AFFECTION  
TO  
MY HUSBAND



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## TREASURE TROVE

From earliest years I've walked upon the  
sands

Beside the Sea of Song, so wondrous sweet,  
And culled rich treasures, brought from  
distant lands

By ebbing waves that left them at my feet.

In inmost chambers of my heart and brain,  
These relics of surpassing worth lie stored,  
And oft with inward eye, I view again  
In blissful solitude, my precious hoard.

Each treasure as I hold it to my ear  
Sings o'er and o'er, its own sweet low  
refrain,  
Of Love and Youth, of deepest Hope or Fear,  
Of Life or Death, of Happiness or Pain.

Come then with me, dear friend, for well I  
know,  
Thou too hast wandered by this rhythmic  
Sea,  
Oft caught the cadence of its pulsing flow  
And listened to its measured melody.

Behold this gem of purest ray serene,  
It came from dark unfathomed ocean  
caves,—  
Perhaps once worn by elfin mermaid queen,  
Or maiden fair who sleeps beneath the  
waves.

From airy fabrics of a dream were made  
These trailing garments of the Goddess  
Night,  
And this, with patines of fine gold inlaid,  
A fragment of the floor of Heaven bright.

Beside this wing of lark that soared above,  
Whose sweetest song bespoke the saddest  
thought,

You see the iris of the burnished dove,  
Its glowing colors from the rainbow  
caught.

And here are full ten thousand daffodils  
And many pink-tipped daisies wee and  
fair,

That dance in glee by Derwent's sparkling  
rills,  
Or broider bright the bonny banks of  
Ayr.

The shattered vase still holds the roses'  
scent.

It summons up remembrance of things  
past,—

The days of Youth, with Love and Pleasure  
spent,

That were too bright, too beautiful to last.

From stately ships, some shreds and bits of  
sail

Were found hard by the haven 'neath the  
hill,

Beside a cold gray stone. They tell the tale  
Of vanished hands, belovèd voices still.

The catalogue of all these treasures bright  
Is bound in many volumes new and old.

I con the precious pages with delight,

Yea, more to be desired than much fine  
gold.

## THE MOCKING BIRD

“His ancestors were Quakers, dear,  
For see his garb of gray,  
But now he’s not quite Orthodox,”  
I heard a sweet voice say.—  
“He followed the bent  
Of the world and went,  
Thee knows, yes, quite astray.

“Instead of quiet, sober speech  
Quite reckless of the wrong,  
He lilts and chirps and sings and trills,  
Sometimes the whole day long;  
And even at night  
In the pale moonlight,  
I’ve heard his mocking song.

“I saw him dance this very morn  
Adown the garden bed,  
The figure called a minuet  
With one he’s going to wed.  
I very much fear  
Some day he’ll wear  
A crimson crest on head.

“Thee knows the world is changing, dear,  
We seldom see these days,  
In silent meetings the old-time garb—  
Those dove-like browns and grays—  
Of the ones we knew,  
The loved and true,  
With their quiet, restful ways.

“Perhaps ’twere best to rest content  
With birds and folks as well,  
And let them dance and laugh and love,

Nor long their songs to quell;  
For it really may  
Be God's own way  
Life's dark clouds to dispel."

## APPLE TREE INN

A million rosy pennants fair  
Are fluttering in the breeze,  
Sweet signals are they for the birds  
And many humming bees,  
To dine al-fresco, free of charge  
With our old apple trees.

Some noted singers will perform  
A merry roundelay,—  
Sir Robin in a waistcoat red  
And Oriole so gay.  
Come one! Come all! to Apple Inn,  
For 'tis the month of May.

## A MEMORY

Belovèd old Apple Tree Inn

At the foot of the clover-crowned hill,  
How oft in your branches I've been,  
And how often I think of you still,  
'Mid the city's confusion and din.

You kept open house, in those days

Long ago, for the girls and the boys;  
Suggesting such wonderful plays,  
More delightful than dolls or than toys;  
All a dream now in memory's haze.

You were to us then a great ship,

Through the wide world we'd sail and  
we'd sail,

And have such a glorious trip,

With the breeze blowing fresh, in a gale  
That would cause us to rise and to dip.

Sometimes, with a bent pin and string,  
We would fish from a great spreading  
bough;  
And oh! the sweet blossoms in Spring,  
How the fragrance returns to me now.  
And I hear once again the birds sing.

To friends in a neighboring tree,  
We would cry, "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"  
Then climb up the rigging in glee,  
Shouting loud with the fun and the joy.  
Ah! again, for one day so care free.

With honey your table you'd spread,  
In the Spring for the birds and the  
bees,  
In Autumn, with apples so red,  
All the rosy cheeked children to please,  
For they never refused to be fed.

Oh boys and dear girls of that band,  
    You are scattered so widely today,  
Some, wealth and position command,  
    Locks once dark, are now sprinkled with  
        gray,  
One has sailed to a far distant land.

As birds from the apple tree flown,  
    Some have mated and built them a nest,  
With children like buds freshly blown,  
    Whom I hope play the plays that are best,  
In a dear orchard tree all their own.

Belovèd old Apple Tree Inn,  
    At the foot of the clover-crowned hill,  
Many times in your branches I've been:  
    Through the years I shall think of you still,  
With a feeling to rev'rence akin.

## LITTLE BROWN PATH

Little brown path in the wood,  
Oh where will you lead me, I wonder,  
Far down by the sociable brook,  
Or 'round by some rocky cliffs under?

Little brown path in the wood,  
I pause for your faintest suggestion,  
So point out the way, be my guide,  
I'll follow without fear or question.

Little brown path in the wood,  
'Tis Nature's Cathedral before us;  
Oh hark to the wind in the trees,  
How solemnly grand is the chorus.

Little brown path in the wood,  
Let's wait for the incense and blessing,  
Descending from altars above—  
I'm sure 'tis a time for confessing.

Little brown path in the wood,  
In more ways than one I'm your debtor,  
Still steadily upward we've come  
To things that are purer and better.

Little brown path in the wood,  
I thank you so much for your guiding;  
We're now at the top of the hill,  
My vision is clear and abiding.

## TO A FRIEND

It was back again to the city,  
To the crowded and dust-laden street,  
From the fields of the crimsoning clover  
And the breath of the wild flowers sweet,  
  
From the notes of the thrush and the black-  
bird  
And the meadows of buttercup bloom,  
To the rattle of cars and of motors,  
And the subway's dark tunnels of gloom.  
  
I was homesick, I know, for the hillside  
And the deep azure breadth of the sky,  
Only buildings so tall and unbending,  
In the place of the pine trees so high.

In the crowd as it passed, I saw faces  
(Such a changing and varying stream);  
They appeared and then vanished as quickly  
As the ones that we see in a dream.

All were blank and so strangely unmeaning;  
Never one did a greeting extend,  
And I felt so alone, when before me,  
Came a face, yes, the face of a friend.

Like the oak of the forest so sturdy,  
Was the grasp of his hand firm and strong,  
And his smile was a bit of pure sunshine,  
In his voice was a bird's cheery song.

Then the city's dull roar and confusion  
Did no longer my senses offend,  
All the peace of the meadows and woodlands  
I had found in the heart of my friend.

## SUNSHINE

Sing a song of sunshine,  
Ever know such weather?  
Banks of wild thyme blooming,  
Just the hue of heather.  
Busy bees a-humming,  
Birds are warbling clear,  
Isn't this a wonder-world  
At this time of year?

The King is in his castle  
With problems sore perplexing;  
The Queen is in her palace  
With questions just as vexing;  
I am on the hillside,  
'Neath a bright blue sky,  
Watching cloud-ships sailing  
Noiselessly on high.

What is wealth but trouble;  
Fame, the wise man scorns,  
Are not crowns and castles  
    Synonyms for thorns?  
Soul, be filled with sunshine,  
    Give as it is given—  
Gilding darkest homes of earth  
    With the light of Heaven.

## REFLECTIONS

The lake is gleaming in the sun  
Like burnished silver bright,  
The slender birches, one by one,  
Reflect long lines of white;  
And laurel glows  
With tints of rose  
In beds of malachite.

I gaze into the fairy deep  
With crinkling shadows strewn,  
Where feathery clouds float by asleep,  
Lulled by the rhythmic croon  
Of wave and breeze.  
Oh joys like these  
Are gifts of blessed June.

## THE GARDEN IN MY HEART

I have a garden in my heart  
Where mem'ries bloom,  
Sweet blossoms of the fragrant past,  
Of rare perfume.

Its pansy-bordered paths I pace  
In silent hours,  
And rainbow-tinted thoughts I pluck  
From these dear flowers.

Blue-eyed forget-me-nots grow here,  
Recalling friends  
Whose absence, with affection pure,  
More closely blends.

One tiny snowy bud I see  
'Mid falling tears,  
But on my breast 'twill bloom again  
Through endless years.

True Love's dear Rose still blooms afresh  
With Happiness;  
So constant all these many years  
My Life to bless.

This lovely garden in my heart  
Where mem'ries bloom,  
In Heavenly soil will be to me  
A rich perfume.

## BENEATH THE BOUGHS

“There is Nothing in the Universe that I fear  
but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall  
fail to do it.”

(Inscription on Mary Lyon’s tomb)

Green boughs of oak and maple wave  
Above the stone that marks her grave,  
And shower purple shadows down  
In trembling wreaths, as tho’ to crown  
With spirit leaves the spirit dear  
Of one who loved to wander here.

Brave soul was she and undismayed,  
Of nought on this round world afraid  
But that in hearing Duty’s Call  
She might not clearly know it all

Or fail to do it; Words that still  
We own have power our hearts to thrill,  
Tho' years have flown since she was laid  
Beneath the oak and maple shade.

So many lives with hers were blent;  
They trod with her the steep ascent  
Up Learning's hill—she leading on  
Till summit reached and victory won,  
She vanished from their mortal eyes  
To gain the lasting Heavenly prize.  
But countless youthful pilgrims still  
Press on and up that self-same hill,  
Fresh courage take by this lone grave  
Where boughs of oak and maple wave.

## A RACE

A runaway road met a rollicking rill,  
The latter, one moment, could never  
stand still—  
Not pausing, he bowed, and with infinite  
grace  
He challenged the road just to run him a  
race.

Away they went swiftly, adown a steep  
hill—  
The runaway road and the rollicking  
rill—  
And reaching the foot both in unison cried,  
“We kept quite together! We’re still  
side by side!”

The rollicking rill then in frolicsome mood  
    Jumped over the road, which was cer-  
        tainly rude,  
And hidden from sight, 'neath the bushes  
    and ferns  
    Went giggling and gurgling in tortuous  
        turns.

The runaway road was amused by this  
    prank—  
    She waded across to the opposite bank,  
There sped up the hill and then down  
    through the glen  
    And called to the rill, "Ah! I've caught  
        you again."

They parted at last; ran the rill to the sea,  
    The road to the top of the hillside with  
        me;

But strolling along at the hour of ten  
The very next day—they were racing  
again.

## THE FOREST TEMPLE

'Twas Sabbath morn, and floating on the  
air  
Came sound of bells inviting all to prayer;  
But heedless of the call, I idly strayed  
Through silent cloisters 'neath the pine  
tree's shade,  
And on a mossy couch at length reclined,  
There opened wide the windows of my  
mind.

The wandering wind swayed branches to  
and fro,  
And sang the song that only pine trees  
know;  
About me, softest shadows sifting down,  
Made forest path an arabesque of brown;

Then suddenly I heard a voice that said,  
"Awake! Arise! Behold the table spread;  
Take thou the bread of life—sip thou the  
wine,  
Commune with us and make this temple  
thine."

With heavenly comfort then, my heart was  
filled,  
And all my soul seemed strangely, sweetly  
thrilled;  
Refreshed and cheered, I went my home-  
ward way,  
The distant bells, still chiming, seemed to  
say,  
"'Tis well! 'Tis well!—the hours spent  
apart,  
The still small voice is Priest—His Temple  
is thy heart."

## IN THE GARDEN

Daffy Dilly's in the garden  
With the sunshine on her hair,  
She has loosed her soft green mantle,  
And stands gaily nodding there.

To her friends the Misses Violet,  
With their lovely eyes of blue;  
Shy and modest, lips of perfume,  
And their robes all wet with dew.

Daffy speaks: "I came this morning  
By the Subway Express train;  
Had a 'phone from Madame Nature,  
'Hurry, do! with might and main.'

“For she told me that her op’ning  
Would be scheduled for today;  
Have you been here long awaiting?  
Have the fashions changed much, say?”

Said the Violets: “No, we think not,  
We go always gowned in blue,  
Though some cousins dress in yellow,  
Some in white—but very few.

“But we hear of startling changes  
In the glass house over there;  
The head gardener this morning  
Called the blossoms quaint and rare.

“To remain ourselves ’twere better,  
For, dear Daffy, only think  
Just how queer you’d look in rose tints,  
Or of us in cherry pink.

“Well, good-bye! We’re glad we met you,  
We will see you at the show.  
Pray don’t lose your pretty head, dear,  
You will take the prize, we know.”

## TO A HUMMING BIRD

Like jeweled javelin thou dost dart and  
float,

Sweet nectar sipping from a golden  
chalice,

A glowing ruby, pendant at thy throat—  
No rarer gem was ever worn in palace.

We know the secret deep within thy heart  
That brings thee daily to our jasmine  
trellis;

'Tis love of praise, thou vain one! do not  
start—

Is not thy meal the sweeter for it, tell us?

## WITHIN THE VALE

Oh, could I dwell in upper air,  
Far, far above the toiling earth,  
And meet one soul in friendship there—  
A friend of deepest, truest worth—  
'Mid silence of the stars to share  
The secret of Creation's birth;

What sweet soul-happiness were mine.  
But ah! my sighs do naught avail,  
That friend for whom I inly pine,  
Will meet me only in the vale.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Come, dearest one, leave this low plain.  
Seest thou that tow'ring summit high?  
To breathe that air, what wondrous gain—  
Take one step up—Belovèd, try.”

But all my pleadings were in vain;  
No wings had he with which to fly.

I would not leave him if I could  
Alone, the heights above to scale,  
And so in sad and tender mood  
We walked together in the vale.

But one day came a head of gold  
To lay upon my throbbing breast;  
I saw the lovely flower unfold  
And watched it grow and felt at rest.  
Then suddenly 'twas white and cold  
And set my life, as sun in west.

Dark starless nights and days of gloom—  
I seemed as one without the pale,  
Nor recked I the impending doom  
Condemned to live within the vale.

One night I lay in slumber deep  
And had a vision wondrous fair:  
A garden on the sunny steep  
With lovely flowers blooming there;  
And saw—Oh Joy, that makes one weep—  
My little one with golden hair.

“Look, Lovel!” I cried with all my might.  
He wakened, trembling, cold and pale,  
Beheld the vision on the height,  
And knew us, dwellers in the vale.

Then clasped we hands and hearts as  
well  
And started out into the night,  
Resolved the fog of doubt to quell,  
“And in the morning, it was light.”  
Around us seemed a holy spell,  
Our eyes still sought the vision bright,

Oh, wondrous grace—Exceeding Love,  
That led us on the upward trail,  
For now on starry heights above  
We dwell no more within the vale.

## MINNEWASKA

Hemlock and chestnut and maple,  
Birch tree and poplar and pine,  
Fern beds and mosses and lichens,  
Delicate tendrils of vine.

Roseate vistas of laurel,  
Beds of rhodora so fair,  
Sassafras, sumach and elder,  
Wild roses scenting the air.

Waterfalls roaring and plunging,  
Cascades of foam and of sound,  
Glens always dim as in twilight,  
Silence so deep and profound.

Lullabies sung by the pine trees,  
Surf-like and soothing at night,  
Music of birds in the morning,  
Tints of the sunset so bright.

Mountain and valley and woodland,  
Cliffs rugged, rocky and tall,  
Guarding a lake of pure crystal,  
Soft fleecy clouds over all.

Where will you find all this beauty?  
Satisfy soul, sight and mind?  
Weary ones, haste ye this moment  
Fair Minnewaska to find.

## ACROSTIC

Mirrored in the crystal lake  
Is a picture passing fair,  
Not a ripple small to break  
Nor a wand'ring wind to shake,  
Every object, perfect there.  
When the sun puts out his light  
And the darkness hides the shores,  
Stars float there all thro' the night,  
Keep their magic lanterns bright,  
As the fairies ply their oars.

## AN EASTER OPENING

The Spring has opened wide her doors  
For all the world to view  
Her wondrous stock of broideries rare  
And garnitures so new.

She has her living models draped  
In gauzy shades of green,  
And shimmering robes of rosy pink,  
Fit trousseau for a queen.

The Maples' coral ear-drops glow  
Like rubies rare and fine;  
The Oak boughs wear a tasselled fringe  
With iridescent shine.

And here's a rug of mossy green  
With galax leaves inlaid,  
And sprays of fragrant arbutus,  
In Nature's hand-loom made.

The peach all garlanded in pink  
And blushing as with pride,  
Is Maid of Honor to her friend  
The snowy Dog-wood bride.

But fairer still than bud or fringe,  
Or flower-bordered rills,  
The chiffon veils, that deftly drape  
The outlines of the hills.

Spring, radiant, prides herself on these,  
Displays their changing hue  
From amethyst or pearly gray  
To tints of misty blue.

Their gauzy streamers float in folds,  
Beneath the turquoise skies.  
I fain would fancy God Himself  
As thrilled with glad surprise.

## A MOUNTED JEWEL

Away in far Palermo  
'Neath skies of softest blue  
Where tideless Mediterranean  
Reflects their azure hue,  
Near Garibaldi's garden,  
In gay Sicilian cart,  
A vision most entrancing  
Completely won my heart.

A tiny little maiden  
The quaint conveyance bore,  
A model for Murillo—  
True elf of fairy lore.  
With cauliflowers around her  
Of tend'rest green and white,

She drove the smallest donkey  
In Moorish trappings bright.  
Sedately by the bridle  
There walked in garments rude,  
Head crowned by bright berretta,  
The father, olive-hued.

Like shaft from Cupid's arrow  
I caught her roguish smile,  
Her ringlets dark all straying  
From crimson hood the while—  
And felt a sudden yearning  
To clasp her to my breast  
As once I held the dear one  
So long since laid to rest.

They passed me by; but often  
I see that vision clear,  
And long to paint the picture  
That mem'ry holds so dear.

Ah! some who drive in grandeur  
With liveried lackeys tall,  
For this poor man's one jewel  
Would gladly give their all.

## A PICTURE

(Taken from Pine Cliff Path)

Come look at a picture this morning,  
    Sit near me and let your eye turn  
To great rocky boulders imbedded  
    So deep in a mass of sweet fern.

Near by is a tempest tossed pine tree;  
    What great twisted branches he flings!  
The shadows he casts are a quiver,  
    They dance to the song that he sings.

There, clumps of tall birches in sunlight  
    Like maidens in gowns of pure white  
Who stand with their arms all entwining,  
    A vision of grace and delight.

Below, lies an ocean of woodland  
With tree-tops of billowing green,  
And charmed by their rhythmical motion  
The eye lingers long on the scene.

Those patches of purple and amber  
Are homes with gay gardens and farms,  
Suggesting a vision of plenty,  
And lives free from stress and alarms.

A glint of a great river winding  
Between the blue hills you descry,  
Beyond, there are mountains and mountains  
That melt into mists of the sky.

Faint tints of the opal above them  
That shade to a rich sapphire hue,  
And cloudlets of foam that in fancy  
Seem ships on an ocean of blue.

And who is the wonderful painter  
With brush of such consummate skill,  
Whose studio winter and summer  
Each day we may view if we will?

Not only the large things, the lofty,  
His canvasses grandly display,  
The tiniest twig or a tendril  
As well He will deftly portray.

He pencils with purple the pansy,  
Enamels the butterfly's wings;  
He tints the sweet rose by the wayside,  
And breast of the wild bird that sings.

Then teach me, O Master of masters!  
Instruct Thou my hand and my heart,  
And show to me how I may truly  
Some bit of Thy secret impart.

## IPSO FACTO

I walked adown the garden path  
One early dewy morn,  
Enjoying much the fragrant air  
From blossoms newly born,

But stopped in wonder as I saw  
A dwelling quite complete  
Had been erected in the night  
Amongst my roses sweet.

In form it was a circle round,  
And had a winding stair,  
And many portals op'ning wide  
Inviting light and air.

Its chambered walls were hung with lace,  
So shadowy, filmy, fine,  
I thought the owner must possess  
The famed Golconda mine.

For on the floating fairy threads  
Were dewy diamonds bright,  
Each gem a ransom for a king—  
Rich arabesques of light.

How could I tear the structure down!  
The case was very plain,  
The owner clearly proved the right  
Of *eminent domain*.

## MY LESSON

Perhaps the sun did really shine—  
But still the day seemed dark;  
A disappointment I had had,—  
I wandered in the park.

And there upon a bench I sat  
Beneath a spreading tree  
(Unmindful of the passers by)  
In gloomy reverie.

How long I sat I do not know,  
But wakened at the sound  
Of halting footsteps on the path;  
A young girl simply gowned

Was passing on her wooden crutch,  
Her face with care was lined,  
And looking closer still, I saw  
She was both lame and blind.

She found a seat not far away,  
Unconscious of my gaze,  
Assumed the attitude of one  
Who listens as she prays.

Before my thoughts, my selfish self  
Recoiled in utter shame,  
How could I say my lot was hard,  
How much I was to blame.

I rose and from the boughs above  
(For 'twas the month of May)  
I plucked the tender apple blooms—  
A fragrant rosy spray—

And silently, for not a word  
Had I at my command,  
The buds I took with rev'rent air  
And laid them in her hand;

Then walked at once in haste away;  
My lesson I had learned;  
I counted all my blessings twice  
As home I gladly turned.

## HARMONY

The outline of the purple hills,  
Etched soft against the sapphire skies—  
The whispering pines—the birds' soft trills,  
The violets blue as maiden's eyes—  
And draught of crystal air that thrills  
The inmost soul with glad surprise;  
This seemeth Life's best, greatest boon;  
But wouldest thou know a bliss above  
E'en this?—To feel thy heart in tune  
With the Creator, and His Love.

## THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

Beside the fragrant flowery mountain way,  
A little chapel holds aloft the Cross,  
And welcomes pilgrims when they come to  
pray  
At vesper hour amid the ferns and moss.

The rector, standing at the open door,  
Beneath the shadow of the purple pines,  
Reads rev'rently the simple service o'er,  
And in true worship every head inclines.

Each heart communes with God in tend'rest  
mood,  
Impressive is the silence and the hush,  
When suddenly from depths of dusky  
wood—  
The Gloria, chanted by the hermit thrush.

Æolian sounds that echo far and near,  
To rest at last, within my inmost heart,—  
There, when Life's wintry winds are chill  
and drear,  
To waken Spring once more, and Joy  
impart.

## THE SHOWER

Over Sky-top's rocky dome,  
Comes the welcome shower at last,  
Gauzy curtains of the rain,  
Following close upon the blast.

Veiling outlines of the hills,  
Covering the valley floor,  
Till a mighty misty sea  
Billows where was land before.

Sweeping up the wooded slope,  
Like an army in its might,  
All the forest trees salute,  
Bending low before the sight.

Then the lightning's javelins rend,  
Cloud from cloud in upper air,  
And the thunder growls and roars  
Like a lion in his lair.

Little rivers flood the path,  
Waterfalls plunge from the eaves,  
All the trees and plants and shrubs,  
Show with pride their glistening leaves.

Lily cups filled to the brim,  
Diamonds sparkle on the rose,  
Every tiny blade and bud  
Owns a gem that brightly glows.

Now the sun peeps coyly out  
From the wid'ning rifts of blue;  
Gone the mighty sea of mist,  
Once again the valley view.

Range on range of distant hills  
Outlined clear against the sky;  
Sky-top views the world once more,  
From his rocky fortress high.

## RESPONSE

Since thou went forth to that Far Land  
And left me here alone,  
I've craved a missive from thy hand  
Placed close within my own.  
Last night in dreams I called thy name—  
And lo, a heavenly host!  
From starry heights thy letter came  
To me by angel post.

## MY FORTUNE

Sapphire—the color of the skies,  
Topaz—the radiant sunlight fair.  
No gems can vie with baby's eyes  
Nor molten gold with baby's hair.  
More precious far than Orient pearls  
His teeth are set 'twixt rubies red,  
The sun imprisoned in his curls,  
Makes diamond aureole round his head.  
The richest millionaire on earth  
Has purse too small with which to buy  
My gem of gems, of priceless worth—  
The love-light in my baby's eye.

## THE GARDEN OF LONG AGO

(Adapted from the French of Mme. Rostand)

When my blonde locks shall be silvered  
And thine shall be powdered with snow,  
Some bright May morning we'll wander  
In the garden of Long Ago.

We will warm ourselves in that sunshine  
And youth to our hearts 'twill restore,  
Caressingly smile on each other,  
Be ardent young lovers once more.

Thine eyes shall be lustrous and tender,  
Thy voice filled with music, and low,  
When my blonde locks shall be silvered  
And thine shall be powdered with snow.

The old mossy bench in that garden,  
Belovèd, we'll seek as of yore,

And murmur those exquisite nothings  
And kiss and embrace and adore.  
Once more wilt thou whisper, "I love  
thee,"  
Once more the sweet story be told,  
And on our old heads the bright sunlight  
Will turn all the silver to gold.  
To taste once again all that sweetness,  
Those long vanished days to restore,  
The old mossy bench in that garden  
Belovèd, we'll seek as of yore.

As ever today will I love thee,  
Far better than tongue can e'er say;  
Each yesterday less than the morrow,  
Tomorrow, still more than today.  
No matter if Time unrelenting  
Should write on our foreheads his  
sign,

Still closer and closer Love's tendrils  
Will clasp, interlace and entwine.  
More tenderly then and with fervor,  
Thy hand will I take as I say,  
"Each yesterday less than the morrow,  
Tomorrow, still more than today."

As a miser buries his treasure,  
So deep in my heart do I hold  
True Love, which ennobles, enriches  
With happiness purer than gold.  
And when we are agèd, my darling,  
This fortune we'll still have as ours,  
Restoring to us as by magic  
The sweetness of love as of flowers.  
Then deep in my heart will I hide it  
That fortune which this day we hold;  
'Tis Love which ennobles, enriches  
With happiness purer than gold.

When my blonde locks shall be silvered  
And thine shall be powdered with snow,  
Belovèd, again will we wander  
In this garden of Long Ago.  
Again in our hearts 'twill be May-time,  
The years of our love will unfold  
A vision of heavenly sunshine  
Disclosing a pathway of gold  
That leads to the Garden Celestial;  
There hand in hand clasped, let us go  
When my blonde locks shall be silvered  
And thine shall be powdered with snow.

HUMOROUS



## HARD TIMES

“Doom! Doom!” croaked a solemn old frog,  
As he looked at his world from a log;  
“Meat’s dreadfully high;  
Do look at that fly  
Still soaring away,  
’Twere better I say  
Could I live just the life of a dog.”

“Cheer up!” piped a robin in air,  
“You have plenty of wealth and to spare.  
Come! alter your tone;  
A bank all your own,  
And greenbacks galore,  
What can you wish more  
Than to be a big frog millionaire?”

“Doom! Doom!” said the solemn old frog,  
And continued to croak on his log;

“My bank it will break,  
My fortune’s a fake,  
All water, my stock,  
Ach! Himmel! Ach! Ach!”

In despair then he plunged in the bog.

## KNOWIN' THE LANGUAGE

(Pat at the Siege of Paris)

“Qui va la?” sez the guard  
    Wid an impudent stare.  
And, knowin’ the language,  
    “Je,” sez I, wid an air.  
And wid that, his shoulder  
    Wint up to his ear,  
And “Comment?” sez he  
    Wid a menacin’ leer.  
Thin my timper give way  
    But I niver wanst flinched,  
“ ‘Tis, come on yourself, sir,”  
    Sez I, and we clinched.

## CHOWDER

Said a crab to a clam,  
"How happy I am  
To meet you! Pray, how is your  
mammy?"

The clam opened his shell  
And said, "Not very well,  
Her flesh is so cold and so *clammy*."

Said the crab, "Now I too  
Am feeling quite blue,  
For a canine, supposed to be rabid,  
Caught my mother-in-law  
And mangled her jaw,  
And now she's so dreadfully *crabbèd*."

## THE CROW'S CONUNDRUM

From my window I can see  
A coal-black crow in a paw-paw tree.  
Hidden away under leaves of green  
Is the golden fruit; but his eyes so keen  
Have found the prize, and he laughs, "Haw!  
Haw!"

What a wonderful tree is this paw-paw!"  
So into the ripest he jabs his bill  
And eats away till he has his fill;  
Then, winking one eye, he looks at me  
And says, "I own this tropical tree!  
Now tell me, pray, just why am I  
The very worst cannibal under the sky?  
Because, you see, Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw!  
I love to devour my own Paw-paw."

## ON A BARK

Said a surly sea dog—a curmudgeon—  
To a lazy Jack-tar, “What a gale!  
Yourself, you must quickly be sturgeon,  
Else your fate you will surely be whale.

“Should this vessel turn turtle or founder  
My mussels full weight I’ll lay on,  
I’ll knock you as flat as a flounder,  
Taking vengeance, you lazy tarpon.”

## A CHANGE OF EXPRESSION

“Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!” said a wise owl perched up in a tree.

“Hee, hee, hee!” said the silly maid, “Te hee, hee, hee!”

“Hi, Hi, Hi!” said the bird man, “I’ll fly through a cloud.”

“Ho, Ho, Ho!” said the farmer. “My fields must be plowed.”

“Heigh-ho-heigh!” said the lazy man, stifling a yawn.

“Hew-hew-hew!” said the woodsman, mighty of brawn.

“Haw-hee Haw!” said the donkey, beginning to bray.

“Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the children at play.

## STYLE

Such dashing styles the Spring assumes  
This year, the Easter morn to greet,  
A hat with sweeping willow plumes,  
And violet sandals on her feet.

## ONE DAY A LITTLE GIRLIE SAID

One day a little girlie said,  
With a saucy toss of her curly head  
And numerous hops and wriggles,  
“I am so happy, Mother dear,  
I feel away inside me here  
I’m just stuffed full of giggles.”

## FLORIDA

A picture panoramic  
Portrayed in fewest lines:  
The land of pickaninnies,  
Palmettos, pigs and pines.

## LIMERICKS



## A YOUNG MAID OF MANILA

There was a young maid of Manila  
Who wore a fur coat of Chinchilla;  
    Her favorite dish  
    Was fritters and fish  
Served hot with a sauce of vanilla.

## WHEN YOU'RE TRIPPING

When you're tripping on your tiptoes up to  
Tryon  
You may meet some day a mighty mountain  
lion;  
Let me laughingly explain  
'Twill be minus mouth and mane  
Just a mighty little sandy dande-lion.

## THERE WAS AN OLD LADY

There was an old lady said, "Now  
I will knit me a shawl, but pray how?

    No wool can I get,  
    Some way I'll find yet."  
And straightway she knitted her brow.

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